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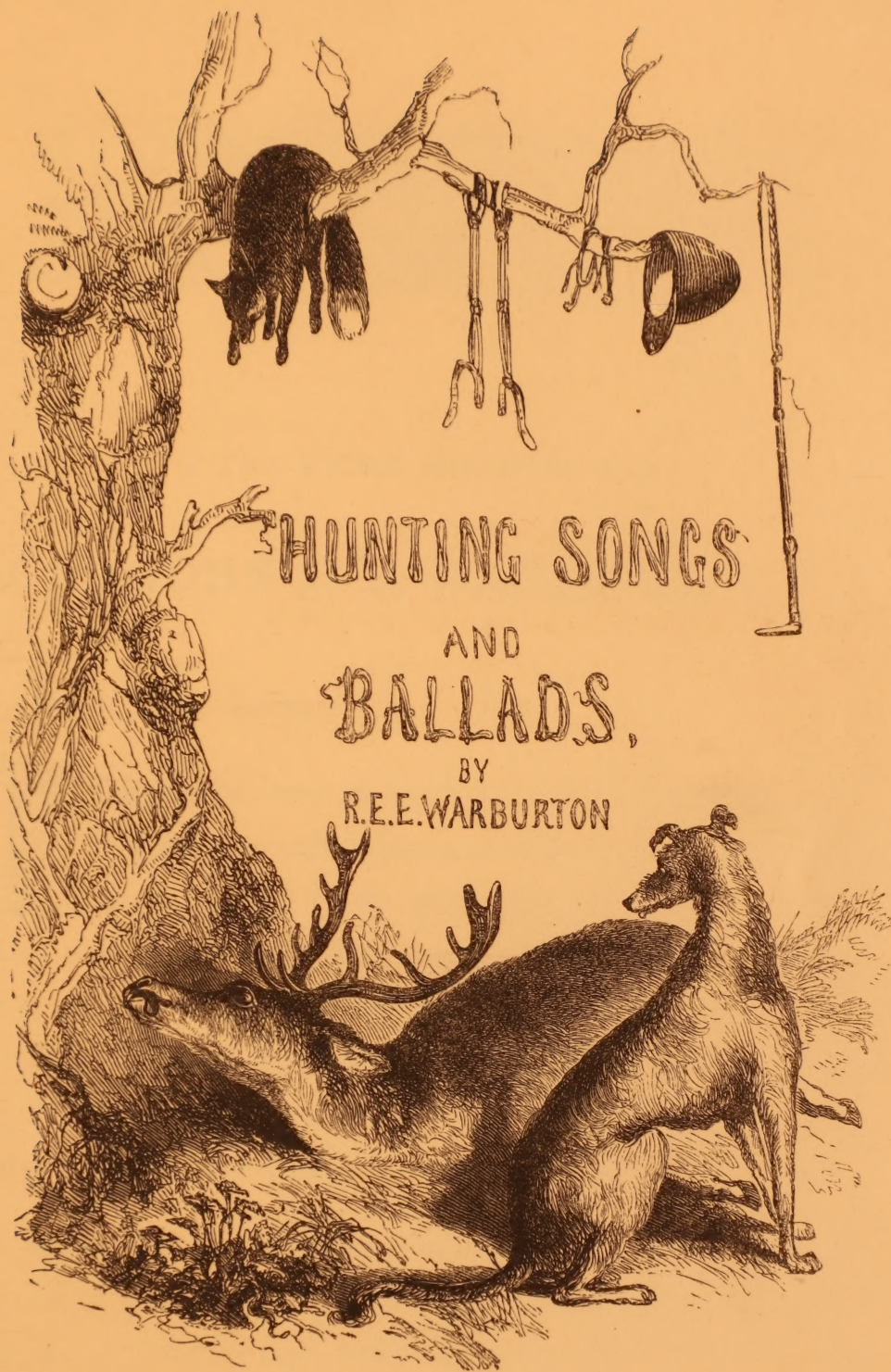
2nd ed (enlarged)

HUNTING SONGS

AND BALLADS.

FOR HONEST HUNTING NEVER WAS ACCOUNTED SINNE
NOR NEVER SHALL FOR MEE.

OLD SONG, *temp.* JAMES I.



London: William Pickering. 1846.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD JOHN J. R. MANNERS, M. P.

DEAR LORD JOHN,

IT must be very gratifying to every true lover of his Country, to reflect that a member of a Family so long distinguished for its munificent support of Fox-hunting, and one who himself knows so well how to appreciate its National importance, as a manly and invigorating sport peculiar to the English Gentleman, should at the same time have been among the first to recal our attention to that period, when there were also "Sports and Pastimes" for the English Labourer.

You have nobly exerted yourself to procure for the Poor Man the revival of those Holidays, of which he was deprived by the Puritanism of a former age, and which the selfish and utilitarian

spirit of the present would fain tell us he no longer knows how to enjoy.

Never indeed can this our Country, (whose very amusements are now tainted with a gambling and money-making spirit,) hope to reclaim her lost title of “ Merrie England,” until we see a Maypole in every village, as well as have our pack of Fox-hounds in every County.

Sympathising with you most heartily on this subject, and feeling, like yourself, that the Sports of the Country Gentleman are not to be enjoyed in forgetfulness of the recreations of the Poor, it affords me peculiar satisfaction to have an opportunity of expressing this sympathy, by availing myself of your kind permission to dedicate to you this Volume of Hunting Songs.

Believe me,

Dear Lord John,

Yours very faithfully,

R. E. E. WARBURTON.

ARLEY HALL,

June 4, 1846.



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HUNTING SONGS.

THE WOORE COUNTRY.

I.



THE sunshine of Summer is over,—
Again we behold the glad pack,
And Wicksted, appearing at cover,
Comes mounted on Mercury's back ;
Now Wells in the saddle is seated,
Though with scarce a whole bone in his skin ;
His cheer by the echo repeated,
Loo in ! little dearies ! loo in !

II.

How eagerly forward they rush,
In a moment how widely they spread ;
Have at him there, Hotspur ! hush ! hush !
'Tis a find or I'll forfeit my head.
Fast flies the Fox away—faster
The hounds from the cover are freed ;
The horn to the mouth of the master,
The spur to the flank of his steed.

III.

Their prowess recorded in metre,
May the fame of each rider survive !
From Tunstall came one they call Peter,
And three from the Styche they call Clive.
There's Hammond, from Wistaston bringing
All the news of the neighbouring shire ;
Fitzherbert renown'd for his singing,
And Dorfold's invincible Squire ;

IV.

Few Sportsmen so gallant, if any,
Did Woore ever send to the chase ;
Each dingle for him has a cranny,
Each river a fordable place.
He knows the best line from each cover,
He knows where to stand for a start ;
And long may he live to ride over
The country he loves in his heart.

V.

There's Henry, the purple-clad Vicar,
So earnestly plying the steel ;
Conductor conducting him quicker,
Each prick from the spur at his heel.
Were my life to depend on the wager,
I know not which brother I'd back ;
The Vicar, the Squire, or the Major,
The Purple, the Pink, or the Black.

VI.

On a steed thorough bred there's a bruiser,
Ne'er known o'er a country to flag ;
The name of the man is John Crewe, sir,
And Ajax the name of the nag.
There's Aqualate's Baronet, Boughey,
Whose eye still on Wicksted is cast ;
Should the Fox run till midnight, I know he
Will stick by his friend to the last.

VII.

There's Charlie from Sandbach—how cheery
To ride by his side in a run ;
From midnight till morn never weary
Of revel, and frolic, and fun.
When, Charlie ! they lay thee the tomb in,
Thou shalt not be mock'd with a bust,
But a plant of the evergreen blooming,
Shall spring and o'ershadow thy dust.

VIII.

With Chorister, Concord, and Chorus,
Now Chantress commences her song,
Now Bellman goes jingling before us,
And Sinbad is sailing along.
Old Wells closely after them pressing,
His soul quite absorb'd in the fun ;
Continues unconsciously blessing
Their dear little hearts as they run.

IX.

While together they race neck and neck,
O'er fallows all tainted with hare ;
If by chance they should come to a check,
Poor Charley trots up in despair.
“ Hold hard there, hold hard there, now pray do,
Friends, gentlemen, all o'er the scent ;
You know not what mischief you may do,
Believe me, 'twas here that he went.”

X.

One moment for breathing we tarry,
One cast and they hit it anew ;
Ye gods ! what a head they now carry,
And see ! now they run him in view.
More eager for blood at each stroke,
Now Vengeance and Vulpicide rush
Poor Renard, he thinks it no joke,
Hearing Joker so close at his brush.

XI.

See ! Soldier prepared for the brunt,
Hark ! Champion's challenge I hear ;
While Victory leads them in front,
And Havock pursues in the rear.
Whoo-hoop ! there's an end of the scurry,
Now Charley with might and with main,
First dances, then shouts " worry, worry,"
Then shouts, and then dances again.

XII.

A fig for your Leicestershire swells !
While Wicksted such sport can ensure ;
Long life to that varmint old Wells !
Success to the country of Woore !
Let Statesmen on politics parley,
Let Heroes go fight for renown ;
While I've health to go hunting with Charley,
I envy no Monarch his crown.



QUÆSITUM MERITIS.

I.



CLUB of good fellows, we meet once a year,
When the leaves of the forest grow yellow and sear ;
By the motto that shines on each glass, it is shown,
We pledge in our cups the deserving alone ;
Our glass a quæsitum, ourselves Cheshire men,
May we fill it and drink it again and again.

II.

We hold in abhorrence all vulpicide knaves,
With their gins, and their traps, and their velveteen slaves ;
They may feed their fat pheasants, their foxes destroy,
And mar the prime sport they themselves can't enjoy ;
But such sportsmen as these we good fellows condemn,
And I vow we'll ne'er drink a quæsitum to them.

C

III.

That man of his wine is unworthy indeed,
Who grudges to mount a poor fellow in need ;
Who keeps for naught else, save to purge 'em with balls,
Like a dog in a manger, his nags in their stalls ;
Such niggards as these we good fellows condemn,
And I vow we'll ne'er drink a quæsitum to them.

IV.

Some riders there are, who, too jealous of place,
Will fling back a gate in their next neighbour's face ;
Some never pull up when a friend gets a fall,
Some ride over friends, hounds, and horses, and all ;
Such riders as these we good fellows condemn,
And I vow we'll ne'er drink a quæsitum to them.

V.

For coffee-house gossip some hunters come out,
Of all matters prating, save that they're about ;
From scandal and cards they to politics roam,
They ride forty miles, head the fox, and go home !
Such sportsmen as these we good fellows condemn,
And I vow we'll ne'er drink a quæsitum to them.

VI.

Since one fox on foot more diversion will bring
Than twice twenty thousand cock pheasants on wing,
That man we all honour, whate'er be his rank,
Whose heart heaves a sigh when his gorse is drawn blank.
Quæsitum ! Quæsitum ! fill up to the brim,
We'll drink, if we die for't, a bumper to him.

VII.

Oh ! give me that man to whom naught comes amiss,
One horse or another, that country or this ;
Through falls and bad starts who undauntedly still
Rides up to this motto : " Be with 'em I will."
Quæsitum ! Quæsitum ! fill up to the brim,
We'll drink, if we die for't, a bumper to him.

VIII.

Oh ! give me that man who can ride through a run,
Nor engross to himself all the glory when done ;
Who calls not each horse that o'ertakes him a " screw,"
Who loves a run best, when a friend sees it too !
Quæsitum ! Quæsitum ! fill up to the brim,
We'll drink, if we die for't, a bumper to him.

IX.

Oh ! give me that man who himself goes the pace,
And whose table is free to all friends of the chase ;
Should a spirit so choice in this wide world be seen,
He rides you may swear in a collar of green ;
Quæsitum ! Quæsitum ! fill up to the brim,
We'll drink, if we die for't, a bumper to him.





OLD OULTON LOWE.

I.



AD luck to the Country! the clock had struck two,
We had found ne'er a fox in the gorses we drew;
When each heart felt a thrill at the sound, "Tally-Ho,"
Once more a view hollo from old Oulton Lowe!

II.

Away like a whirlwind toward Calveley Hall,
For the first thirty minutes Pug laugh'd at us all;
Our nags cured of kicking, ourselves of conceit,
Ere the laugh was with us, we were most of us beat.

III.

The Willington mare, when she started so fast,
Ah! we little thought then that the race was her last;
Accurst be the stake that was stain'd with her blood;
But why cry for spilt milk?—May the next be as good!

IV.

'Twas a sight for us all, worth a million, I swear,
To see the Black Squire how he rode the black mare;
The meed that he merits, the Muse shall bestow;
First, foremost, and fleetest from old Oulton Lowe!

V.

How Delamere went, it were useless to tell,
To say he was out, is to say he went well;
A rider so skilful ne'er buckled on spur
To rule a rash horse, or to make a screw stir.

VI.

The odds are in fighting that Britain beats France ;
In the chase, as in war, we must all take our chance.
Little Ireland kept up, like his namesake the nation,
By dint of " coercion " and great " agitation."

VII.

Now Victor and Bedford were seen in the van ;
Cheer'd on by the Maiden who rides like a man,
He screech'd with delight as he wip'd his hot brow,
" Their bristles are up ! Sir ! they're hard at him now."

VIII.

In the pride of his heart, then the Manager cried,
" Come on, little Rowley boy ; why don't you ride ?"
How he chuckled to see the long tail in distress,
As he gave her the go-by on bonny brown Bess.

IX.

The Baron from Hanover hollow'd, " whoo-hoop,"
While he thought on the Lion that eat him half up ;
Well pleas'd to have balk'd the wild beast of his dinner,
He was up in his stirrups, and rode like a winner.

X.

Oh ! where 'mid the many found wanting in speed,
Oh ! where and oh ! where was the Wistaston steed ?
Dead beat ! still his rider so lick'd him and prick'd him,
He thought (well he might) 'twas the Devil that kick'd him.

XI.

The Cestrian chesnut show'd symptoms of blood,
For it flow'd from his nose ere he came to the wood.
Where now is Dolgosh ? Where the racer from Da'enham ?
Such fast ones as these ! what mishap has o'er ta'en 'em ?

XII.

Two gentlemen met, both unhors'd, in a lane,
 (Fox-hunting on foot is but labour in vain,)
 "Have you seen a brown horse?" "No, indeed, Sir, but pray,
 In the course of your ramble have *you* seen a grey?"

XIII.

As a London coal-heaver might pick up a peer,
 Whom he found in the street, with his head rather queer,
 So Dobbin was loosed from his work at the plough,
 To assist a proud hunter, stuck fast in a slough.

XIV.

I advocate "movement" when shewn in a horse,
 But I love in my heart a "conservative" gorse.
 Long life to Sir Philip! we'll drink ere we go,
 Old times! and old Cheshire! and old Oulton Lowe!



THE OLD BROWN FOREST.

I.



BROWN Forest of Mara! whose bounds were of yore
From Kellsborrow's Castle outstretch'd to the shore,
Our fields and our hamlets afforested then,
That thy beasts might have covert—unhous'd were our men.

II.

Our King the first William, Hugh Lupus our Earl,
Then poaching I ween was no sport for a churl;
A noose for his neck who a snare should contrive,
Who skinn'd a dead buck was himself flay'd alive!

III.

Our Normandy nobles right dearly, I trow,
They loved in the forest to bend the yew bow;
They wound their "recheat" and their "mort" on the horn,
And they laugh'd the rude chase of the Saxon to scorn.

IV.

In right of his bugle and greyhounds, to seize
Waif, pannage, agistment and windfallen trees,
His knaves through our forest Ralph Kingsley dispersed,
Bow-bearer in chief to Earl Randle the first.

V.

This horn the Grand Forester wore at his side
Whene'er his liege lord chose a hunting to ride ;
By Sir Ralph and his heirs for a century blown,
It passed from their lips to the mouth of a Done.

VI.

Oh ! then the proud falcon, unloosed from the glove,
Like her master below, play'd the tyrant above ;
While faintly, more faintly, were heard in the sky,
The silver-toned bells as she darted on high.

VII.

Then roused from sweet slumber, the ladie high-born,
Her palfrey would mount at the sound of the horn ;
Her palfrey uptoss'd his rich trappings in air,
And neigh'd with delight such a burden to bear.

VIII.

Versed in all woodcraft and proud of her skill,
Her charms in the forest seem'd lovelier still;
The Abbot rode forth from the abbey so fair,
Nor loved the sport less when a bright eye was there.

IX.

Thou Palatine prophet! whose fame I revere,
(Woe be to that bard who speaks ill of a seer)
Forewarn'd of thy fate, as our legends report,
Thou wert born in a forest and clemm'd in a court.

X.

Now goading thine oxen, now urging amain
Fierce monarchs to battle on Bosworth's red plain;
"A foot with two heels, and a hand with three thumbs!"
Good luck to the land when this prodigy comes!

XI.

“ Steeds shall by hundreds seek masters in vain,
Till under their bellies the girths rot in twain ;”
’Twill need little skill to interpret this dream,
When o’er the brown forest we travel by steam !

XII.

Here hunted the Scot whom, too wise to show fight,
No war, save the war of the woods, could excite ;
His learning, they say, did his valour surpass,
Though a hero when armed with a *couteau de chasse*.

XIII.

Ah ! then came the days when to England’s disgrace,
A King was her quarry, and warfare her chase ;
Old Noll for their huntsman ! a puritan pack !
With psalms on their tongues—but with blood in their track.

XIV.

Then Charlie our King was restor'd to his own,
And again the blythe horn in the forest was blown;
Steeds from the desert then cross'd the blue wave
To contend on our turf for the prizes he gave.

XV.

Ere Bluecap and Wanton taught fox-hounds to skurry,
With music in plenty—Oh! where was the hurry?
When each nag wore a crupper, each Squire a pigtail;
When our toast, the brown forest, was drunk in brown ale.

XVI.

In the days that succeeded the chase was kept up
Till the sport of the morning was drown'd in the cup;
Beneath the red bumpers at midnight they reel'd,
And day-break beheld them again in the field.

XVII.

As they crossed the Old Pale with a wild fox in view,
“Ware hole!” was a caution then heeded by few;
Oppos’d by no cops, by no fences confined,
O’er whinbush and heather they swept like the wind.

XVIII.

Behold! in the soil of our forest once more,
The sapling takes root as in ages of yore;
The oak of old England with branches outspread,
The pine tree above them uprearing its head.

XIX.

Where ’twixt the whalebones the widow sat down,
Who forsook the Black forest to dwell in the brown:
There, where the flock on sweet herbage once fed,
The blackcock takes wing, and the fox-cub is bred.

XX.

This timber the storms of the ocean shall weather,
And sail o'er the waves as we sailed o'er the heather ;
Each plant of the forest, when launched from the stocks,
May it run down a foeman as we do a fox !



TARPORLEY HUNT,

1833.

I.



HEN without verdure the woods in November are,
Then to our collars their green is transferred ;
Racing and chasing the sports of each member are,
Come then to Tarporley booted and spurred ;

Holding together, Sir,

Scorning the weather, Sir,

Like the good leather, Sir,

Which we put on :

Quæsitum meritis !

Good fun how rare it is !

I know not where it is,

Save at the Swan.

II.

Lo ! there's a Maiden whose sweet disposition is
Bent, like Diana's of old, on the chase ;
Joy to that sportsman whose horse in condition is
Able and willing to go the best pace ;
Racers are sweating now,
Owners are fretting now,
Stable boys betting now,
France ! ten to one :
Quæsitum meritis, &c.

III.

Lo ! where the forest turf covers gentility,
Foremost with glory and hindmost with mud ;
Now let the President prove his ability,
Umpire of speed, whether cocktail or blood ;
Go-by and Adelaide,
Though they were saddled,
Led forth and straddled,
Judge there was none !
Quæsitum meritis, &c.

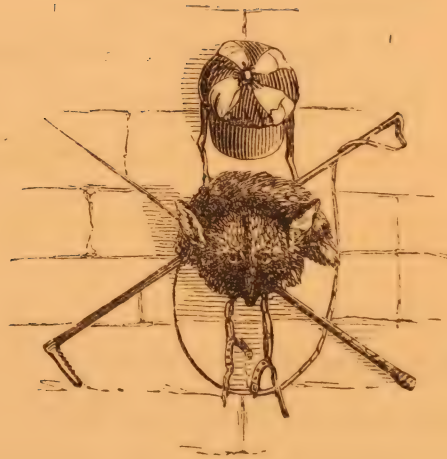
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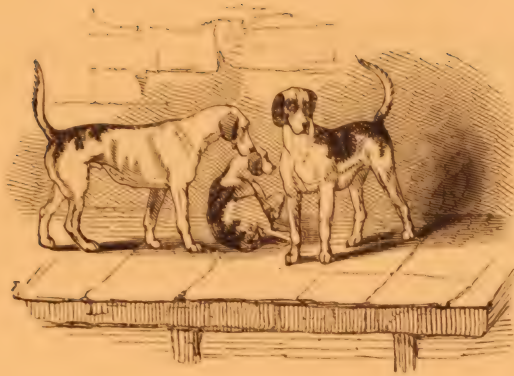
How with due praise shall I sing the Palatinate,
Aby with Presidents filling our chair ;
The Greys and the Leghs, and the Brookes that have sat in it,
Toasting our bumpers and drinking their share ?
Each Squire and each Lord, Sir,
That meets at our board, Sir,
Were I to record, Sir,
I ne'er should have done :
Quæsitum meritis, &c.

V.

“ Sume superbiam quæsitam meritis,”
Shades of Sir Peter and Barry look down ;
Long may we good fellows, now a day rarities,
Live to make merry in Tarporley town !
Fox preservation,
Throughout the whole nation,
Affords recreation,
Then drink it each man :

Quæsitum meritis !
Good fun how rare it is !
I know not where it is,
Save at the Swan.





ON THE NEW KENNEL, ERECTED ON
DELAMERE FOREST.

MAY, 1834.

I.



REAT names in the Abbey are graven in stone,
Our kennel records them in good flesh and bone ;
A *Bedford*, a *Gloster*, to life we restore,
And *Nelson* with *Victory* couple once more,
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

II.

Were the laws of the kennel the laws of the land,
The shilelah should drop from the Irishman's hand ;
And journeymen tailors, on "striking" intent,
Should stick to their stitching like hounds to a scent.

Derry down, &c.

III.

Oh ! grant, ye reformers, who rule o'er us all,
That our kennels may stand though our colleges fall ;
Our pack from long trial we know to be good,
Grey-hounds admitted might ruin the blood.

Derry down, &c.

IV.

Fond parents may dote on their pride of thirteen,
Switch'd into latin and breech'd in nankeen !
A puppy just enter'd a language can speak
More sweetly sonorous than Homer's own greek.

Derry down, &c.

V.

Oh! clothe me in scarlet! a spur on each heel!
And guardsmen may case their whole bodies in steel;
Lancers in battle with lancers may tilt,
Mine be the warfare unsullied with guilt.

Derry down, &c.

VI.

Gilpin! uproot me the laurels I scorn,
And plant me ten acres of gorse and blackthorn;
Though the shape of the cover to zig-zag incline,
May the fox that we find there describe a straight line!

Derry down, &c.

VII.

Then lay the foundation stone solid and deep,
Let the walls be as strong as the walls of a Keep;
Foxhunting shall flourish as long as they last,
And the fame of fresh Bluecaps shall rival the past.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.



HAWKSTONE BOW-MEETING.

*“ Celeri certare sagittâ
Invitat qui forte velint, et præmia ponit.”*

ÆN. lib. 5.

I.



AREWELL to the banks of the Weaver !
Farewell to the Dane and the Dee !
The forest, the moor, and the river,
The hills, and the “ Woore Countrie ;”
My hunting whip hung in a corner,
My bridle and saddle below,
I call on the Muse and adorn her
With baldrick, and quiver, and bow.

II.

Inspir'd by the "Evergreen" Beauties
That bloom in the "Valley of Bliss,"
That Hunter indeed but a brute is
Who slights such a subject as this !
Diana, Endymion seeking,
(As o'erheard by the Muse to complain)
The quiver-deck'd nymphs of the Wrekin
Mistook for the nymphs of her train.

III.

Bright Goddess ! assist me, recounting
The names of toxophilites here,
How Watkyn came down from the mountain,
And Mainwaring up from the Mere ;
Assist me to fly with as many on
As the steed of Parnassus can take,
Price, Parker, Lloyd, Kynaston, Kenyon,
Dod, Cunliffe, Brooke, Owen, and Drake.

IV.

To witness the feats of the Bowmen,
To stare at the tent of the Bey,
Merrie Maidens and ale-drinking Yeomen
At Hawkstone assemble to-day.
From the Lord to the lowest in station,
From the east of the shire to the west,
Salopia's whole population
Within the green valley compest.

V.

In the hues of the target appearing,
Now the bent of each archer is seen ;
The widow to *sable* adhering,
The lover forsaken to *green* ;
For *gold* its affection displaying,
One shaft at the centre is sped ;
Another a love tale betraying,
Is aim'd with a blush at the *red*.

VI.

Pride pointing profanely at heaven,
Humility sweeping the ground,
The arrow of gluttony driven
Where ven'son and sherry abound !
At *white* see the maiden unmated
The arrow of innocence draw,
While the shaft of the matron is fated
To fasten its point in the *straw*.

VII.

Tell, fated with Gessler to grapple
Till the tyrannous Bailiff was slain,
Let Switzerland boast of the apple
His arrow once sever'd in twain ;
We've an Eyton could prove to the Switzer,
Such a feat were again to be done,
Should our host and his lady think fit, Sir,
To lend us the head of their son !

VIII.

If till doomsday my song were extended,
I ne'er could keep pace with the fun ;
For scarce was the archery ended,
Ere the revel and dance were begun.
To check the festivity scorning,
Till day-break again was in sight,
As the bowstring had twang'd all the morning,
The harp string was twanging all night.

IX.

The ash may be graceful and limber,
The oak may be sturdy and true ;
You may search, but in vain, for a timber
To rival the old British yew !
You may roam through all lands, but there's no land
Can sport such as Salop's afford,
And the Hill of all Hills is Sir Rowland !
The hero of heroes my Lord !



CHESHIRE CHIVALRY.

ON the 23rd of December, 1837, the Cheshire Hounds found a fox in the plantation adjoining Tilston Lodge. Running directly to the house, he baffled for a time all further pursuit by leaping through a window pane into the dairy. When captured, he was turned out at Wardle Gorse, and after an unusually quick burst, in the course of which he crossed two canals, was killed at Cholmondeston.

I.

UNPUNISH'D shall Reynard our dairies attack,
 His fate unrecorded in song?
 Ah! no; when the captive was loos'd from a sack,
 There was not, fair milk-maid, a hound in the pack,
 But was bent on avenging thy wrong.

G

II.

Would that those who imagine all chivalry o'er,
Had encounter'd our gallant array ;
Ne'er a hundred such knights, e'en in ages of yore,
Took the field in the cause of one damsel before,
As were seen in the saddle that day.

III.

Their high-mettled courage no dangers appal,
So keen was the ardour display'd ;
Some lose a frail stirrup, some flounder, some fall,
Some gallantly stem the deep waters, and all
For the sake of the pretty milk-maid.

IV.

For thirty fast minutes Pug fled from his foes,
Nor a moment for breathing allow'd ;
When at Cholm'ston the skurry was brought to a close,
The nags that had followed him needed repose,
As their panting and sobbing avow'd.

V.

There, outstretch'd on the grass, lay Sir Geoffry the stout,
His heels were upturn'd to the sky,
From each boot flow'd a stream, as it were from a spout,
Away stole the fox ere one half had run out,
And away with fresh vigour we fly !

VI.

Once more to the water, though harass'd and beat,
The fox with a struggle swam through ;
Though the churn that he tainted shall never be sweet,
His heart's blood ere long shall our vengeance complete,
And the caitiff his villany rue.

VII.

Stout Geoffry declared he would witness the kill
Should he swim in the saddle till dark ;
Six horsemen undauntedly followed him still,
Till the fate that awaited the steed of Sir Phil
Put an end to this merry mud lark.

VIII.

Back, back, the bold Baronet rolled from the shore,
Immers'd overhead in the wave ;
The Tories 'gan think that the game was all o'er,
For their Member was missing a minute or more
Ere he rose from his watery grave.

IX.

Quoth Tollemache, more eager than all to make sail,
(A soul that abhorreth restraint,)
“ Good doctor,” quoth he, “ since thy remedies fail,
Since blister, nor bleeding, nor pill-box avail,
Cold bathing may suit my complaint.”

X.

When Williams past o'er, at the burden they bore
The waters all trembled with awe ;
For the heaving canal, when it wash'd him ashore,
Ne'er had felt such a swell on its surface before,
As the swell from the Leamington Spa.

XI.

Harry Brooke, as a bird o'er the billow would skim,
Must have flown to the furthestmost brink ;
For the moisture had reach'd neither garment nor limb,
There was not a speck the boot polish to dim,
Nor a mudstain to tarnish the pink.

XII.

The fox saw each champion fathom the tide,
But was doom'd, ere they cross'd it, to die ;
Whoop may sound sweeter by far on that side,
But, thinks I to myself, I've a twenty mile ride,
And as yet my good leather is dry.

XIII.

Life-guardsmen ! why hang down in sorrow thy head ?
Could our pack such a fast one outstrip ?
Looking down at the ditch where his mare lay for dead,
“ Pray, which way to Aston,” he mournfully said,
And uptwisted the hair of his lip.

XIV.

Though of milk and of water I've made a long tale,
When a livelier liquor's display'd,
I've a toast that will suit either claret or ale,
Good sport to the Kennel! success to the Pail!
And a health to the pretty Milk-maid!



ON THE PICTURE OF THE CHESHIRE HUNT.

BY H. CALVERT.

I.

WHEN our Kennel a coal hole envelop'd in smoke,
Blood and bone shall give way to hot water and coke,
Make and shape, pace and pedigree held as a jest,
All the power of the stud in a copper comprest.

II.

When the green collar fades and good fellowship's o'er,
Sir Peter and Barry remember'd no more ;
From her Tarporley perch the poor Swan shall drop down,
And her dying whoop shall be heard o'er the Town.

III.

Still distant the day, yet in ages to come,
When the gorse is uprooted, the foxhound is dumb,
May verse make immortal the deeds of the field,
And the shape of each steed be on canvass reveal'd.

IV.

In colours unfading, let Calvert design
A field not unworthy a sport so divine,
For when Joe was their huntsman, and Tom their first whip,
Who then could the chosen of Cheshire outstrip?

V.

Let the pencil be dipt in the hues of the chase,
And contentment and health be pourtray'd in each face;
Let the foreground display the select of the pack.
And let Chester's green vale be outstretch'd in the back.

VI.

Should the time-honour'd race of our fox hunters end,
The poor no protector, the farmer no friend,
They shall here view the face of an old Cheshire Squire,
And regret the past sport that enliven'd our shire.

VII.

They shall say, when this canvass the pastime recalls,
Such, once, were the gentry that dwelt in our halls!
Such, once, in our land were the noble, the brave,
They were loved in their lives, they were wept in their grave.



THE BREECHES.

I.



HEN I mention the breeches, I feel no remorse,
For the ladies all know 'tis an evergreen gorse ;
They are not of leather, they are not of plush,
But expressly cut out for Joe Maiden to brush.

II.

Though my Muse, making known inexpressible things,
And wearing the breeches, exultingly sings ;
I should need the nine Muses to praise him enough
Who order'd these breeches and gave us the stuff.

III.

Good luck to the prentice by whom they were made !
His shears were a ploughshare, his needle a spade ;
May each landlord a pair to this pattern bespeak,
The breeches that lasted us three days a week !

IV.

The fox is away and Squire Royds made it known,
Setting straitway to work at a pace of his own ;
Past him sped Tollemache, as instant in flight
As a star when 'tis shot through the azure of night.

V.

They who witness'd the pack as it skirted the Spa,
By the head they then carried a struggle foresaw ;
At their heels a white horse with his head in the air,
But his rein it was loose, and his saddle was bare.

VI.

May Peel, near the Breeches at starting o'erthrown,
Where he left the impression in mud of his own;
When next he thinks fit this white horse to bestraddle,
See less of the breeches and more of the saddle.

VII.

From Spurstow we pointed towards Bunbury Church,
Some rounding that cover, were left in the lurch;
By Hurleston we hurried, nor e'er tighten'd rein,
'Till check'd for one moment in Baddiley lane.

VIII.

They who rode the first skurry were fortunate men,
They may ne'er live to ride such a fast one again;
Oh! it thrills me with joy to record in this lay,
How the best blood of Cheshire was foremost all day.

IX.

When we pass'd the old gorse and the meadows beneath,
When, across the canal, we approach'd Aston Heath,
There were riders who took to the water like rats,
There were steeds without horsemen, and men without hats.

X.

How many came down to the Edlestone brook,
How many came down, not to leap—but to look ;
The steeds that stood still with a stitch in their side,
Will remember the day when those breeches were tried.

XI.

The pack, pressing onwards, still merrily went,
Till at Dorfold they needed no longer a scent ;
Man and maid rushing forth stood aloft on the wall,
And there raised a view hollo that shook the old hall.

XII.

Too weak for the open, too hot for the drain,
He cross'd and cross'd back over Ran'moor in vain ;
When he reach'd the Bull's wood, he lay down in despair,
And we bellow'd whó-oop, as they worried him there.

XIII.

Puss in boots is a fable to children well known,
The dog in a doublet at Sandon is shewn,
Henceforth when a landlord good liquor can boast,
Let the Fox and the Breeches be hung on his post.

XIV.

From Vulpecide villains our foxes secure,
May these evergreen breeches till doomsday endure !
Go ! all ye good squires, if my ditty should please,
Go cloathe your bare acres in breeches like these.



SONG,

WRITTEN FOR THE PRESIDENT OF THE TARPORLEY HUNT MEETING,
1845.

I.

NOW riding safe at anchor, idly floats the Columbine,
And the perils of the Ocean in November I resign;
With other Messmates round me, merry comrades every one,
To-night I take command, boys, of the gallant ship the Swan.

Chorus.

Then up, boys! up for action, with a hearty three times three,
What tars are half so jolly as the tars of Tarporley?

II.

'Tis true, though strange, this gallant ship in water cannot swim,
A sea of rosy wine, boys, is the sea she loves to skim;
The billows of that red sea in bumpers toss'd about,
Our spirits rising higher as the tide is running out!

Chorus.

III.

Still swinging at her moorings, with a cable round her neck,
Though long as summer lasteth all deserted is her deck,
She scuds before the breezes of November fast and free,
Oh! ne'er may she be stranded in the straits of Tarporley.

Chorus.

IV.

By adverse gale or hurricane her sails are never rent,
Her canvass swells with laughter, and her freight is merriment;
The lightning on her deck, boys, is the lightning flash of wit,
Loud cheers in thunder rolling till her very timbers split!

Chorus.

V.

We need not Archimedes with his screw on board the Swan,
The screw that draws the cork, boys is the screw that drives us on,
And should we be becalm'd, boys, while giving chase to care,
When the brimming bowl is heated we have steam in plenty there.

Chorus.

VI.

No rocks have we to split on, no foes have we to fight,
No dangers to alarm us, while we keep the reckoning right ;
We fling the gold about, boys, though we never heave the lead,
And long as we can raise the wind our course is straight a-head.

Chorus.

VII.

The index of our compass is the bottle that we trowl,
To the chair again revolving like the needle to the pole ;
The motto on our glasses is to us a fixèd star,
We know while we can see it, boys, exactly where we are.

Chorus.

VIII.

One smile, boys, for our sweethearts, for our wives one fond adieu,
One bumper for our comrades who are absent from the crew ;
Oh ! never while we've health, boys, may we quit this gallant ship,
But every year, together here, enjoy this pleasure trip.

Chorus.

IX.

Behind me stands my ancestor, Sir Peter stands before,
Two pilots who have weather'd many a stormy night of yore ;
So may our sons and grandsons, when we are dead and gone,
Spend many a merry night boys in the cabin of the Swan.

Chorus.

Then up, boys ! up for action, with a hearty three times three,
What tars are half so jolly as the tars of Tarpoley ?



THE LITTLE RED ROVER.

I.

THE dewdrop is clinging
To whin-bush and brake
The skylark is singing
“ Merrie hunters, awake ;”
Home to the cover
Deserted by night,
The little Red Rover
Is bending his flight.

II.

Resounds the glad hollo ;
The pack scents the prey ;
Man and horse follow ;
Away ! Hark, away !
Away ! never fearing,
Ne'er slacken your pace :
What music so cheering
As that of the chase ?

III.

The Rover still speeding,
Still distant from home,
Spurr'd flanks are bleeding,
And covered with foam ;
Fleet limbs extended,
Roan, chestnut, or grey,
The burst, ere 'tis ended,
Shall try them to-day !

IV.

Well known is yon cover,
And crag hanging o'er ;
The little Red Rover
Shall reach it no more !
The foremost hounds near him,
His strength 'gins to droop ;
In pieces they tear him,
Whoo-hoop ! Whoo-hoop !



THE BLOOMING EVERGREEN.

I.



RE the adventurers, nicknamed Plantagenet,
Buckled the helm on, their foes to dismay,
They pluck'd a broom sprig which they wore as a badge in it,
Meaning thereby they would sweep them away.

Long the genista shall flourish in story,
Green as the laurels their chivalry won;
As the broom-sprig excited those heroes to glory,
May the gorse-plant encourage our foxes to run.

K

II.

Held by Diana in due estimation,
 Bedeck with a gorse-flower the goddess's shrine ;
Throughout the wide range of this blooming creation,
 It has but one rival, and that one the vine.
Pluck me then, Bacchus, a cluster and, squeezing it,
 Pour the red juice till the goblet o'erflows ;
Then in the joy of my heart will I, seizing it,
 Drink to the land where this Evergreen grows.



SONG.

I.



TAGS in the forest lie, hares in the valley-o !

Web-footed otters are speared in the lochs ;

Beasts of the chase that are not worth a Tally-ho !

All are surpass'd by the gorse-cover fox !

Fishing, though pleasant,

I sing not at present,

Nor shooting the Pheasant,

Nor fighting of Cocks ;

Song shall declare a way
How to drive care away,
Pain and despair away,
Hunting the fox !

II.

Bulls in gay Seville are led forth to slaughter, nor
Dames, in high rapture, the spectacle shocks ;
Brighter in Britain the charms of each daughter, nor
Dreads the bright charmer to follow the fox.
Spain may delight in
A sport so exciting ;
While 'stead of bullfighting
We fatten the ox ;
Song shall declare a way, &c.

III.

Hunters of Chamois surmount the acclivity,
Bounding o'er torrents and scaling the rocks ;
Horns on the mountain the prize of activity,
Ours in the valley the brush of a fox !

While him who thinks fit, sir,
To follow the Switzer
To bottomless pit, sir,
 An avalanche knocks ;
Song shall declare a way, &c.

IV.

England's green pastures are grazed in security,
 Thanks to the Saxon who cared for our flocks !
He who reserving the sport for futurity,
 Sweeping our wolves away left us the fox.
 When joviality
 Chases formality,
When Hospitality
 Cellars unlocks ;
Song shall declare a way,
How to drive care away,
Pain and despair away,
 Hunting the fox.



THE TANTIVY TROT.

I.



HERE'S to the old ones, of four-in-hand fame,
Harrison, Peyton, and Ward, Sir ;
Here's to the fast ones that after them came,
Ford and the Lancashire Lord, Sir.

Let the steam pot
Hiss till it's hot,
Give me the speed of the Tantivy Trot.

II.

Here's to the team, Sir, all harness'd to start,
Brilliant in Brummagem leather ;
Here's to the waggoner, skill'd in the art
Coupling the cattle together.
Let the steam pot, &c.

III.

Here's to the dear little damsels within,
Here's to the swells on the top, Sir ;
Here's to the music in three feet of tin,
And here's to the tapering crop, Sir.
Let the steam pot, &c.

IV.

Here's to the shape that is shown the near side,
Here's to the blood on the off, Sir ;
Limbs with no check to their freedom of stride,
Wind without whistle or cough, Sir.
Let the steam pot, &c.

V.

Here's to the arm that can hold 'em when gone—

Still to a gallop inclin'd, Sir ;

Heads in the front with no bearing reins on !

Tails with no cruppers behind, Sir.

Let the steam pot, &c.

VI.

Here's to the dragsmen I've dragg'd into song,

Salisbury, Mountain, and Co. Sir ;

Here's to the Cracknell who cracks them along

Five twenty-fives at a go ! Sir.

Let the steam pot, &c.

VII.

Here's to Mac Adam the Mac of all Macs,—

Here's to the road we ne'er tire on ;

Let me but roll o'er the granite he cracks,

Ride ye who like it on iron.

Let the steam pot

Hiss till it's hot,

Give me the speed of the Tantivy Trot.



THE SPECTRE STAG.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

I.



BARON lived in Germany,
Of old and noble race,
Whose mind was wholly bent upon
The pleasures of the chase.

II.

Thro' summer's sultry dog-days,
Thro' winter's frost severe,
This Baron's hunting season
Was twelve months in the year.

III.

From dawn till dark he hunted,
And the truth I grieve to speak,
The number of his hunting days
Was seven in the week.

IV.

No lands within his seignorie
Was serf allowed to till;
No corn-field in the valley,
No vineyard on the hill.

V.

What marvel hungry poachers,
When the Baron was a-bed,
Were bent on stealing venison,
From very lack of bread?

VI.

But woe that wretch betided,
Who in the fact was found ;
On the stag he would have slaughter'd
Was his naked body bound.

VII.

Borne, like Mazeppa, headlong—
From the panting quarry's back,
He saw the thirsty blood-hounds
Let loose upon his track.

VIII.

The pack, their prey o'ertaken,
On the mangled victims feast ;
See ! mixed in one red slaughter
The blood of man and beast.

IX.

The Baron thus his pastime
Pursued until he died ;
My tale shall tell how this befel
On the eve of Eastertide.

X.

The moon rose o'er the forest,
And the distant village chime
Called sinners to confession,
And bespoke a hallowed time.

XI.

A loud unwonted rustling
Was heard within the brake,
The Baron, as he listened,
Felt his heart within him quake.

XII.

The copse-wood parting suddenly
A fearful sight displayed,
The Baron's eyes beheld it,
And he waxed the more afraid.

XIII.

A stag of size unearthly
Came forth—and on his back
There rode a giant huntsman
Apparell'd all in black.

XIV.

Their eyes unto their master
The trembling pack upcast,
The Baron's steed was motionless,
And the Baron's self aghast.

XV.

“Ye curs,” he cried, “why stir ye not?
A curse upon the breed—
And you, ye loitering varlets,
Where are ye in such need?”

XVI.

To summon then his followers,
He grasped his hunting horn,
Through the forest’s deep recesses
The startling blast was borne.

XVII.

But borne in vain—his retinue
No note in answer gave;
And the stillness that succeeded
Seemed the stillness of the grave.

XVIII.

His eye in terror glancing
From glade to distant crag,
Nought saw he save the spectre
Goaded on that grisly stag.

XIX.

The nearer it approached him,
The larger still it grew ;
Again he seized his hunting horn,
And his gasping breath he drew.

XX.

Eye, cheek, and throat distended,
Each fibre strain'd to blow,
His life-breath past in that bugle blast,
And he fell from the saddle bow.

XXI.

In mockery through the woodlands,
His spirit to deride,
Echo thrice repeated
The strain by which he died.

XXII.

Where that Baron's days were ended,
There they laid his bones to rot ;
And his heirs, in after ages,
Built a Chapel on the spot.



THE LADIE OF THE CASTLE OF WINDECK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

(ADELBERT CHAMISSO.)

I.

“**H**ATED Horseman! onward speeding,
Hold!—thy panting courser check;—
Thee the Phantom Stag misleading,
Hurrieth to the lone Windeck!”

II.

Where two towers, their strength uprearing,
O'er a ruin'd gateway rise,
There the quarry disappearing
Vanish'd from the Hunter's eyes.

III.

Lone and still!—no echo sounded ;
Blaz'd the sun in noonday pride ;
Deep he drew his breath astounded,
And his streaming forehead dried.

IV.

“ Precious wine lies hid below, in
Ruin'd cellar here, they say ;
Oh ! that I, with cup o'erflowing,
Might my scorching thirst allay !”

V.

Scarcely by his parch'd lip spoken
Wingèd words the wish proclaim,
Ere from arch, with ivy broken,
Forth a fair hand-maiden came.

VI.

Light of step, a glorious maiden !
Robe of shining white she wore ;
With her keys her belt was laden,
Drinking horn in hand she bore.

VII.

Precious wine, from cup o'erflowing,
With an eager mouth he quaff'd ;
Fire he felt within him glowing,
As he drain'd the magic draught.

VIII.

Eyes of deep blue, softly glancing !—
Flowing locks of golden hue !—
He with claspèd hands advancing
'Gan the Maiden's love to sue.

IX.

Fraught with strange mysterious meaning,
Pitying look she on him cast ;
Then, her form the ivy screening,
Swiftly, as she came, she past.

X.

From that hour enchanted ever
Spellbound to the Windeck lone,
From that hour he slumber'd never,
Rest, and peace, and hope unknown.

XI.

Night and day that ruin'd portal
Pale and wan he hovers nigh,
Though unlike to living mortal,
Still without the power to die.

XII.

Once again the maid, appearing,
After many a year had past,
Prest his lip with kiss endearing,
Broke the spell of life at last.





REICHBERGER THE OUTLAW.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

(UHLAND.)

I.

REICHBERGER the Outlaw bold,
Terror of the young and old,
Once at midnight lay in wait
Nigh an old Kirk's ruin'd gate ;

N

II.

Midnight past, on plunder bent,
Up he rose and forth he went,
He must meet, ere break of day,
Merchants journeying on that way.

III.

As he wended on his track,
“Page,” quoth he, “my gloves I lack,
Laid and left upon the bier,
Hie thee straight and bring them here.”

IV.

Pale with terror back he came,
“Satan send thy gloves to claim!
On that bier there sits a sprite—
Bristle yet my hairs with fright.”

V.

“ He had donn’d those gloves of thine,
On them glar’d his fiery eyne ;
Up and down his hands he strake ;—
Still in every limb I quake.”

VI.

Swiftly back the Outlaw hied,
Stoutly he the Ghost defied ;
Won his gloves back from the Sprite,
Vanquish’d by his arm in fight.

VII.

Fierce and covetous his eyne,
Spoke the Sprite,—“ The gloves are thine,
Lend them still, and let me wear
For a year that dainty pair ;”

VIII.

“Willingly, and prove,” he saith,
“Whether Devil keepeth faith,
On thy shrivell’d hands accurst,
Little fear that they will burst.”

IX.

Through the wood his Page and he
On they gallop’d merrilie ;—
When the cock morn’s echo stirr’d,
Tramp of coming steeds they heard.

X.

Tramping down the forest track,
Vizor’d riders all in black !
Them with beating heart he eye’d
Reining, as they pass’d, aside.

XI.

Led by hindmost of the train,
Came a steed with bitted rein,—
Saddle, which no rider bore,
With black housings cover'd o'er!

XII.

Up rode Reichberger to ask,
Who those Knights in mail and masque;
“Prythee, gentle Squire,” he said,
Say for whom that horse is led?”

XIII.

“For the vassal, true and tried,
Of my Lord, known far and wide;
Death-struck, ere a year be gone,
Reichberger shall ride thereon.”

XIV.

Thus he spoke, then on he sped;—
To his Page the Outlaw said;
“ From my saddle I descend,
Soon my earthly race shall end.

XV.

“ If my wild steed thou canst rein,
Targe and weighty sword sustain,
Unto thee I them deliver,
Use them in God’s service ever.”

XVI.

Then to Cloister wended he,—
“ Holy Monk I may not be,
Abbot! still my sin to hide
Let me here a layman bide.”

XVII.

“ By thy spurs, thy craft is told,
Thou hast been a horseman bold,
Therefore shalt thou tend the steeds
Which our Convent stable feeds.”

XVIII.

On that year's last day there came
Steed for Reichberger to tame,
Vicious eye and coal black mane
He to back it strove in vain.

XIX.

Him that steed, with deadly blow
Striking to the heart, laid low ;
Forest-ward then bent his flight,
Lost for aye to mortal sight.

XX.

Black steed, led by mounted sprite,
Stood beside his grave at night ;
Riding gloves the moonbeams show
Hanging at the saddle bow.

XXI.

Reichberger from where he lay
Rose—and pluck'd the gloves away ;
From the grave, where he had slept,
Straight he to the saddle stept !



THE DEAD HUNTER.

I.

HIS sire from the desert, his dam from the north,
The pride of my stable stept gallantly forth,
One slip in his stride as the scurry he led,
And my steed, ere his rivals o'ertook him, lay dead.

II.

Poor steed ! shall thy limbs on the hunting field lie,
That his beak in thy carcase the raven may dye ?
Is it thine the sad doom of thy race to fulfil,
Thy flesh to the cauldron, thy bones to the mill ?

O

III.

Ah ! no.—I beheld thee a foal yet unshod,
Now race round the paddock, now roll on the sod ;
Where first thy young hoof the green herbage impress'd,
There, the shoes on thy feet, will I lay thee to rest !



RIDING TO HOUNDS.

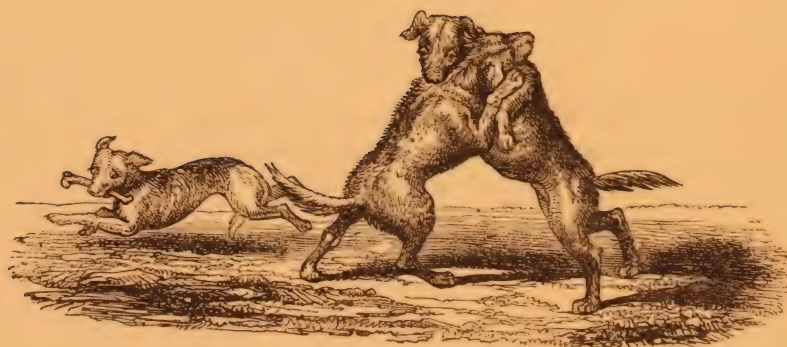
No inconsiderate rashness, or vain appetite
 Of false encountering formidable things ;
 But a true science of distinguishing

* * * * *

BEN JONSON.

WHEN jealous horsemen, jostling side by side,
 The pack unheeded, at each other ride,
 More glorious still the loftier fences deem,
 And face the brook where widest flows the stream ;
 One breathless steed, when spurs no more avail,
 Rolls o'er the cop, and hitches on the rail ;

One floundering lies—to watery ditch consigned,
While laughing school-boy leaves them both behind,
Pricks on his pony 'till the brush be won,
And bears away the honors of the run.
Thus when two dogs in furious combat close,
The bone forgotten whence the strife arose ;
Some village cur secures the prize unseen,
And, while the mastiffs battle, picks it clean.





LINES

WRITTEN IN THE TRAVELLERS' BOOK AND ADDRESSED TO THE
HOST OF THE WHITE HORSE INN, ALPNACH,
IN SWITZERLAND, 1831.

BEHOLD the White horse, how he pricks up each ear,
When a hoof clatters by or a carriage draws near ;
He shews you his teeth that his age you may find,
But he never says *neigh* like the rest of his kind ;
Though throughout his career to the *main* chance he sticks,
No *charger*, I warrant him free from all tricks ;
Oft a cordial he needs, for the truth I must speak,
His *Côte* is not fine, and his *Hocks* are but weak ;
As he ne'er *takes offence* he's unfit for the chase,
But us'd to the *bar*, double harness his place.
By his side a grey mare, who is perhaps the best horse,
But they both pull together for better for worse ;

May the dilly of life smoothly roll at their heels,
And guests ne'er be wanting to grease them the wheels;
May the day be far distant when Death gets astride,
And sticks his sharp spur in the White Horse's side.



THE BALL AND THE BATTUE.

I.



LAY by the silk waistcoat, so gaudy and green !
And clothe me this morning in black velveteen ;
A kerchief of blue,
And a waterproof shoe,
For now the Ball's over I'll join the Battue !

II.

Let the shot belt of leather replace the gold chain,
The ramrod be handled instead of the cane ;
A pancake so flat,
Was my ball-going hat,
But a dumpling to shoot in is better than that !

III.

My fiddle a Manton, a tune I'll prepare
Which shall teach the cock-pheasants to reel in the air ;
While snipes as they fly
Pirouette in the sky,
And rabbits and hares in the gallopade die.

IV.

" Once more might I view thee, sweet partner ! " " Mark hare !
She is gone down the middle and up again there "—
" That hand might I kiss,
Mark cock !—did I miss ?
Ye Gods ! who could shoot with a weapon like this ?

V.

" I've a thorn in my breast which deprives me of speech ;—
Ah me ! but what's this that I feel in my breech ?
Ensnared by thy wit
How deeply I'm smit—
Ods bobs ! and I'm half over head in a pit ! "

VI.

Thus a glance may from slaughter whole covers reclaim,
Thus oft the fair sex prove preservers of game ;
 For when the heart aches,
 Then alas ! the hand shakes,
And sighs beget curses, and curses mistakes.

VII.

Oh ! ye who encourage the long-feather'd breed !
To the Ball overnight let the Battue succeed ;
 Cock-pheasants all,
 Be the shot large or small,
May in safety crow over it after a ball.



A RECOLLECTION.



WELL remember in my youthful day,
When Love had full possession of my heart,
My fellow hunters, eager to depart,
One morn I follow'd, lingering by the way,
Heedless of sport ; for with unwonted sway,
Sad melancholy held my thoughts in thrall ;
'Till a voice whisper'd me, " Ere evening fall,
Thy lov'd one thou shalt see ;" Away ! away !
The chase began,—I shar'd its maddening glee,
And rode that day the foremost in the run.
The chase was ended—and as Love foretold,
Her dwelling lay betwixt my home and me.
Still on th' horizon's verge, the setting Sun
Ting'd, as we met, her blushing cheeks with gold.



INSCRIPTION

ON THE HANDLE OF A FOX'S BRUSH, PRESENTED BY THE AUTHOR
TO WILBRAHAM TOLLEMACHE, ESQ.

FEB. 20, 1841.

WE found our fox at Brindley ; thrice that week
The gorse was drawn, and thrice with like success.
For nigh two hours, o'er many a mile of grass,
We chas'd him thence to Dorfold, where he died.
Tollemache ! in admiration of thy skill'd
And gallant riding to the pack that day,
To thee I yield the brush ; esteem not thou
The trophy less, thus proffer'd by a friend.

TO WILBRAHAM TOLLEMACHE, ESQ.

ON HIS PRESENTING THE AUTHOR WITH
A HUNTING CAP.

I.



RING forth my best steed, that can gallop apace,
For arm'd cap-a-pie I'm away to the chase ;
Now thanks to thee, Tollemache, fresh ardour I feel,
A friend's cap on head and my own spur on heel,
At each fence will I slap,
Scorning gateway and gap,
And pick up a feather to wear in my cap !

II.

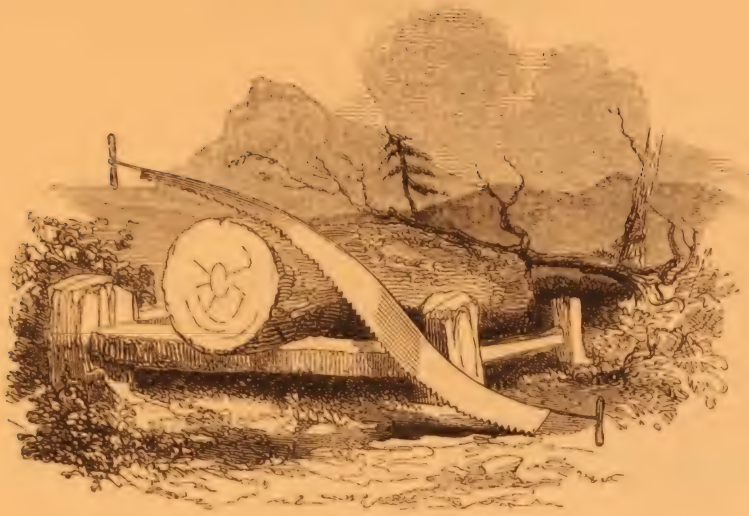
Oh, who save thyself shall presume to o'erspread
With a mudstain, the cap that now covers my head ?
No disgrace in the dirt that is flung from thy heel,
Nor a splash, save from thee, shall the velvet reveal ;
If well the cap sits,
Ods bridles and bits !
If I don't beat the *Beaverites* all into fits.

III.

Old wiseheads, complacently smoothing the brim,
May jeer at my velvet and call it a whim,
They may think in a cap little wisdom there dwells,
They may say he who wears it should wear it with bells ;
But when Broadbrim lies flat,
I will answer him pat,
Oh ! who but a crackskull would ride in a hat ?

IV.

Old Hats, now both beaver and silk we hold cheap,
Ye *wide-awakes*, now ye may all go to sleep !
Now a fall is not *felt* when *capsized* in a run,
Oh ! to ride in a cap is right *capital* fun ;
Though it make, as you say,
All the hair fall away,
Like Cæsar we'll cover the baldness with bay.



THE SAWYER.

I.

AWAY! ye nimble gillies, to the valley and the crag!
We have pellets for the Roedeer, we have bullets for the stag;
My comrades, keep your powder dry, and point your muzzles low;
A mighty deal of killing take these Abergeldie Roe!

II.

Now Highland gillies screeching wake the echoes loud and shrill,
By shouting we can fright them, though we can't by shooting kill;
There's a woodman at each fir tree, there's an axe at every birk,
And the Sawyer in his sawpit incessantly at work.

III.

We saw the antler'd monarch bounding proudly to the plain,
We heard the whistling bullet at that monarch aim'd in vain ;
The Deer alive and kicking to the distant forest steals,
And the Sawyer kicks the bucket while the stag kicks up his heels.

IV.

His skull was crack'd, his only wage that day was half-a-crown,
He was cutting up a billet when the bullet cut him down ;
Many thousand feet of timber had that Sawyer rent in twain,
Now himself was split asunder, very much against the grain.

V.

We needed not the Sexton with his pickaxe and his spade,
In the sawpit which himself had dug his grave was ready made ;
Top Sawyer though he had been, to the bottom he was thrust,
We binn'd him like a bottle of old Sherry in sawdust.

VI.

Full many a railway sleeper had he made since peep of day,
Ere night himself a sleeper in his narrow bed he lay ;
No tear-drop unavailingly we shed upon the spot,
But we sprinkled him with whiskey to preserve him from dry rot.

VII.

Oh no ! we never mention him, that shot we never own,
We book'd him in the game book as an " animal unknown ;"
Though we know not how his bearnies since their daddy's death subsist,
We know that since we hit him he has never yet been miss'd.





SPORT IN THE HIGHLANDS.

WRITTEN AT TOLLY HOUSE IN ROSS-SHIRE, 1845.

I.



Up in the morning! the river runs merrily,
Clouds are above and the breezes blow cool,
Tie the choice fly now and casting it warily,
Fish the dark ripple that curls o'er the pool;
Steadily play with him,
On through the spray with him,
Gaff, and away with him
On to the shore!
Pastime at Tolly now,
Oh! it is jolly now,
Sad melancholy now
Haunts us no more!

II.

Up in the morning ! young birds in full feather now,
Brood above brood on the mountain side lie ;
Setters well broken are ranging the heather now,
Bird after bird taking wing but to die !

Grouse without number now

Gillies encumber now ;—

Echo in slumber now

Resteth again.

Pastime at Tolly now,

Oh ! it is jolly now,

No melancholy now,

Sorrow, or pain.

III.

Up ! up ! at peep-o-day, clad for a tussle now !—

Keen eyes have mark'd the wild Hart on the hill ;
Toil for the Stalker !—wind, sinew and muscle, now

All will be needed ere testing his skill !

Gillies now frolicking,

Roaring and rollicking,

Hey ! for a grollocking,—
Rip up the deer,—
Pastime at Tolly now,
Oh ! it is jolly now,
No melancholy now
Haunteth us here.

IV.

Up ! up ! at peep-o-day ! what may your pleasure be ?
Black-cock or ptarmigan, roebuck or hare ?
Bright with delight let each moment of leisure be,
Left in the lowlands, a fig for dull Care !
Wood, stream, and heather now,
Yielding together now,
Sport for all weather now,—
Up in the morn !
Pastime at Tolly now,
Oh ! it is jolly now,
Sad melancholy, now
Laugh her to scorn !



THE FOX AND THE BRAMBLES.

A FABLE.



INTENT on keeping corn and cheese up,
Though farmers cannot study Esop,
Their intellects no doubt are able
To comprehend a modern fable.

Before the pack for many a mile
A fox had sped in gallant style ;
But gasping with fatigue at last,
The clamorous hounds approach'd him fast ;
Though painful now the toilsome race,
With draggled brush and stealthy pace
Still onward for his life he flies—
He nears the wood—before him lies
A tangled mass of thorn and bramble ;
In vain beneath he tries to scramble,

So springing, heedless of his skin,
With desperate bound he leaps within.
The prickly thicket o'er him closes ;
To him it seemed a bed of roses,
As there he lay and heard around
The baying of the baffled hound.
Within that bush, his fears allayed,
He many a sage reflection made.
“ 'Tis true, whene'er I stir,” he cried,
“ The brambles wound my bleeding side,
“ But he who seeks may seek in vain
“ For perfect bliss ; then why complain ?
“ Since, mingled in one current, flow
“ Both good and evil, joy and woe ;
“ Oh ! let me still with patience bear
“ The evil, for the good that's there.
“ Howe'er unpleasant this retreat,
“ Yet every bitter has its sweet ;
“ The brambles pierce my skin, no doubt,
“ The hounds had torn my entrails out.”

Attend, ye farmers, to the tale,
And, while ye mend the broken rail,
Reflect with pleasure on a sport
That lures your landlord from the court,

To dwell and spend his rents among
The country folk, from whom they sprung.
And should his steed with trampling feet
Be urged across your tender wheat,
That steed, perchance, by you was bred,
And your's the corn on which he's fed ;
Ah ! then, restrain your rising ire,
Nor rashly damn the Hunting Squire.





THE EARTH STOPPER.



THE EARTH STOPPER.

I.



ERROR of henroosts ! now from hollow sand earth,
Safely at nightfall, round the quiet farmstead,
Reynard on tiptoe, meditating plunder,
Warily prowleth.

II.

Rouse thee ! Earth stopper ! rouse thee from thy slumber !
Get thee thy worsted hose and winter coat on,
While the good housewife, crawling from her blanket,
Lights thee thy lantern.

III.

Clad for thy midnight silent occupation,
Mount thy old doghorse, spade upon thy shoulder,
Wiry hair'd Vixen, wheresoe'er thou wendest,
Ready to follow.

IV.

Though the chill rain drops, driven by the north wind,
Pelt thy old jacket, soaking through and through thee,
Though thy worn hackney, blind and broken winded,
Hobble on three legs ;

V.

Finish thy night-work well, or woe betide thee !
If on the morrow irritated huntsman,
Back'd by a hundred followers in scarlet,
Find the earths open !



TARWOOD.

A RUN WITH THE HEYTHROP.

HE waited not—he was not found—
No warning note from eager hound,
But echo of the distant horn,
From outskirts of the covert borne,
Where Jack the Whip in ambush lay,
Proclaim'd that he was gone away.

Away! ere yet that blast was blown,
The fox had o'er the meadow flown;
Away! away! his flight he took,
Straight pointing for the Windrush brook!

The Miller, when he heard the pack,
Stood tiptoe on his loaded sack,

He view'd the fox across the flat,
And, needless signal, wav'd his hat ;
He saw him clear with bounding heel
The water that had wash'd his wheel ;
Like phantom fox he seem'd to fly,
With speed unearthly flitting by.

The road that leads to Witney town
He travell'd neither up nor down ;
But straight away, like arrow sped
From cloth yard bow, he shot a-head.
Now Cokethorpe on his left he past,
Now Ducklington behind him cast,
Now by Bampton, passing Lew,
Now by Clanfield, on he flew.
At Grafton first his course inclin'd,
And Kelmscote now is left behind !

Where waters of the Isis lave
The meadows with their classic wave,
O'er those meadows stealing on
Toward the Bridge of good St. John,
He near'd the stream as if to swim,
Then schem'd a feint, to puzzle Jem ;

His footsteps in the margin sink,
And taint the sedges on the brink,
Then springing back, he seem'd to say,
“ Those who like to cross it may.”

Now clamorous on the tainted track
Close follow the deluded pack ;
Each hound impetuous stems the tide,
And shakes himself on t'other side ;
But Jem, who view'd him, wide awake
To every dodge a fox can make ;—
His wily tricks to circumvent
Recall'd them to the missing scent,
Nor aid save that, throughout the day,
From Huntsman or from Whip had they.

Away ! but with abated speed,
O'er fallow brown, o'er verdant mead,
O'er soil deep furrow'd by the plough,
No child's play is the struggle now !
Now over palèd park he bounds,
A trespasser on Milward's grounds.
To Lechlade now the pack he leads,
Now close by Little Hemmel speeds ;

To Fairford thence he wended straight,
Still struggling to the last with Fate,
Though now the pack approaching nigh,
He heard his death-note in the cry.
They view him now,—now seem'd their race
The very lightning of the chase !
The Fox had reach'd the Southropp lane ;
He strove to cross, but strove in vain ;
The pack roll'd o'er him in his stride,
And onward struggling still—he died !

This gallant Fox in Tarwood found,
Had cross'd full twenty miles of ground,
Had sought no shelter for his flight
In covert either left or right ;
But nigh two hours the open kept
As stout a Fox as ever stept !

That morning, in the saddle set,
A hundred men at Tarwood met ;
Though rumour says, of that array
Scarce ten liv'd fairly through the day.
Till midday's sun had made the ground
Fit treading for the foot of hound,

Compell'd their pastime to delay,
They whil'd in chat an hour away ;
How bitter overnight the frost !
How many a joke without it lost !

Ah ! how shall I in song declare
The riders who were foremost there ?
A fit excuse how shall I find
For every rider left behind ?

It seem'd, while passing Cokethorpe by,
As though there were no fence to fly ;
Though slash'd and sluic'd with many a drain,
Yet seemingly one open plain ;
And he who clears those ditches wide
Must needs a goodly steed bestride.
From Bampton to the river's bounds
The race was run o'er pasture grounds ;
Yet many a nag of blood and bone
Was heard to cross it with a groan ;
For blackthorns stiff the fields divide
With watery ditch on either side.
By Lechlade's village fences rise
Of every sort and every size,

And rotten bank and tottering wall
Were crumbled by the frequent fall.
Some planted deep in cornfield stand,
A fixed incumbrance on the land !
While others prove o'er post and rail
The merits of the sliding scale.

Ah ! much it grieves the Muse to tell
At Clanfield how Valentia fell ;
He rode, they say, like one bewitch'd,
Till headlong from the saddle pitch'd ;
There, reckless of the pain, he sigh'd
To think he might not onward ride ;
Though fallen from his pride of place,
His heart was following still the chase ;
He bade the Huntsman to forbear
His proffer'd aid, nor tarry there ;
“ Oh ! heed me not, but ride away !
The Tarwood fox must die to-day ! ”
The rear pull'd up with one accord,
Assiduous to assist a Lord ;
Some say their steeds were sorely blown,
Such idle falsehoods I disown.

Valentia fell—nor he alone,
Here Jem in mid career was thrown ;

His heels they in the breastplate swung,
His head low down on earth it hung ;
While Spangle on a blackthorn lay,
Like dewdrop quivering on the spray ;
Soon man and horse regain'd their feet,
And struggling up, Jem reach'd his seat.
Poor Spangle's lustre worn away—
“ Thou laggard groom ! why this delay ?
“ Oh ! Juliet ! where art thou ? where ?
“ A thousand guineas for the mare ! ”
With words more touching, grief more true,
Could Romeo her absence rue ?
Those meadows by the Isis bound,
Jem reach'd ere he his Juliet found ;
Well thence, with such a prompter's aid,
Till Reynard's death her part she play'd !

Fair Beatrice ! as yet I ween
But little sport that mare had seen ;
Now guided by the hand of Jack
She never lost again the pack.
Charles, brought to sorrow in the run,
Came struggling up ere all was done ;

In dyke o'erflowing "Fungus" fell,
A plant that loves the water well ;
For minutes ten, or thereabout,
He bath'd—and then he flounder'd out—
By application of spur rowel
Charles rubb'd him dry without a towel.

As on the pack by Kelmscote flew,
What meant those coats of scarlet hue ?
Who were they by the neighb'ring wood,
Who heedless of the scurry stood ?
The Valley of the White-horse pack,
While idle steeds their riders back,
Impatient range the covert round,
Their morning fox as yet unfound.
That Huntsman's horn and echoing cheer
Was music sweet to straggler's ear ;
And they who felt the pace too hot
Sought gladly there a resting spot.

Thus Fleets, when they no more can bide
The fury of the wind and tide,
If chance some tranquil port they spy
Where vessels, safe at anchor, lie ;

There seek a shelter from the gale,
With helm revers'd and slacken'd sail.
Thus patriots, faint of heart, who deem
Some honest measure too extreme,
No longer to their colours true,
Take refuge in the "juste milieu."

The speed of horse, the pluck of man,
They needed both, who led the van ;
This Holmes can tell, who through the day
Was ever foremost in the fray ;
And Holloway, with best intent,
Still shivering timber as he went ;
And Williams clinging to the pack
As if the League were at his back ;
And Tollit ready still to sell
The nag that carried him so well.
When younger men of lighter weight
Some tale of future sport relate,
Let Whippy show the brush he won,
And tell them of the Tarwood run ;
While Rival's portrait, on the wall,
Shall oft to memory recall
The gallant fox, the burning scent,
The leaps they leapt, the pace they went ;

How *Whimsey* led the pack at first ;
When Reynard from the woodside burst,
How *Pamela*, a puppy hound,
First seized him, struggling on the ground ;
How *Prudence* shunn'd the taint of hare,
Taught young in life to have a care ;
How *Alderman*, a foxhound staunch,
Work'd well upon an empty paunch ;
How Squires were, following thee, upset,
Right honourable *Baronet* ;
How, as the pack by Lechlade flew,
Where close and thick the fences grew,
Three Bitches led the tuneful throng,
All worthy of a place in song ;
Old *Fairplay*, ne'er at skirting caught,
And *Pensive* speeding quick as thought ;
While *Handsome* prov'd the adage true,
They handsome are that handsome do !

Then long may courteous Redesdale live !
And oft his pack such gallops give !
Should fox again so stoutly run,
May I be there to see the fun !

EPITAPH

ON THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S CHARGER "COPENHAGEN,"

SO NAMED FROM THE CIRCUMSTANCE OF

HIS HAVING BEEN FOALD IN THE YEAR OF THAT BATTLE.

HE WAS BURIED AT STRATHFIELDSAYE,

FEBRUARY, 1836.

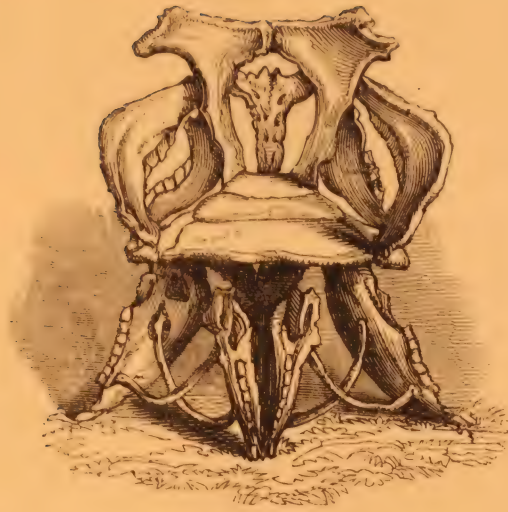


WITH years o'erburden'd, sunk the battle steed ;—
War's funeral honors to his dust decreed ;
A foal when Cathcart overpower'd the Dane,
And Gambier's fleet despoil'd the northern main,
'Twas his to tread the Belgian field, and bear
A mightier chief to prouder triumphs there !
Let Strathfieldsaye to wondering patriots tell
How Wellesley wept when "*Copenhagen*" fell.

CHARADE.



HE Squire, on his Grey,
Has been hunting all day,
So at night let him drown his fatigue in the bowl;
But ere quenching his thirst,
To get rid of my *first*,
Let him call for my *second* to bring him my *whole*.



INSCRIPTION

ON A GARDEN SEAT FORMED FROM THE BONES OF AN
OLD RACER.

I.



TILL, tho' bereft of speed,
Compell'd to carry weight ;
Alas ! unhappy steed,
Death cannot change thy fate.

T

II.

Upon the turf still ridden,
Denied a grave below,
Thy weary bones forbidden
The rest that they bestow.





NOTES.

NOTE 1, PAGE 1.

Now Wells in the saddle is seated.

QLD Wells lived for six and thirty years under different managers of the Bedfordshire hounds, during twenty four of which he hunted them himself. He has had several bad falls; and, besides a fracture of two of his ribs, has broken his collar bone seven times. From Bedfordshire he came to Mr. Wicksted, lived with him during the eleven years he hunted the Woore Country, and is now in the service of Sir Thomas Boughey.

NOTE 2, PAGE 3.

The Vicar, the Squire or the Major.

The Rev. Henry Tomkinson, Vicar of Davenham; the Rev. James Tomkinson (the Squire of Dorfold), and Major Tomkinson of the Willingtons.

NOTE 3, PAGE 4.

*A plant of the Evergreen blooming
Shall spring and o'ershadow thy dust.*

Mr. Ford was at that time one of the most active members of the Gorse cover Committee.

NOTE 4, PAGE 7.

While I've health to go hunting with Charley.

It was ever Mr. Wicksted's chief delight to know that his hounds had afforded a good day's

sport to his friends, though no one enjoyed a run more keenly, or described one with more enthusiasm than himself. The "Woore Country" was written in the year 1830, in reply to a song called the "Cheshire Hunt" of which Mr. Wicksted was the Author, and which with his permission I have here the pleasure of reprinting.

THE CHESHIRE HUNT.

SONG.

Come, awake from your slumbers, jump out of your bed,
Drink your tea, mount your hack, and away to Well Head;
For who'd be behind hand, or like to be late,
When Sir Harry's fleet pack at the cover side wait?
Derry down, down, &c.

Those sons of old Bedford, so prized by George Heron,
So quick at a cast, and so ready to turn;
If with these fast hounds you would play a good part,
Both the rider and horse must be quick at a start.

Hark! hark! they have found him! who would not rejoice
At the soul-stirring sound of old Victor's loud voice?
He's away, I declare! don't you hear? there's a hollow,—
And now we will see how the gentlemen follow.

But now let me ask who is thrusting along,
So anxious the first to get out of the throng?
Who's cramming his mare up yon steep rotten bank?
With the rein on her neck, and both spurs in her flank?

There's scarcely a young one, and ne'er an old stager,
For the first twenty minutes can live with the Major;*
Though supposing this run for an hour should last,
I hope he wont find he has started too fast.

* Major Tomkinson.

Who, glued to his saddle, with his horse seems to fly ?
 'Tis a Lancashire Lord, * who is worth a " Jew's eye ; "
 In this run I will wager he'll keep a front seat,
 For unless his horse stops he can never be beat.

With a seat that's so graceful, a hand that's so light,
 Now racing beside him comes Leicestershire White ; †
 Not yet gone to Melton, he this day for his pleasure,
 Condescends to be rural, and hunt with the Cheshire.

Who's charging that rasper? do tell me, I beg,
 With both hands to his bridle, and swinging his leg ;
 On that very long mare, whose sides are so flat,
 With the head of a buffalo, tail of a rat ?

'Tis the gallant Sir Richard, ‡ a rum one to follow,
 Who dearly loves lifting the hounds to a hollow ;
 A straight forward man who no jealousy knows,
 And forgets all his pains when a hunting he goes.

Then next snug and quiet, without noise or bother,
 On Sheffielder comes, the brave Colonel, his brother ;
 He keeps steadily onward, no obstacle fears,
 Like those true British heroes, the bold Grenadiers.

But who to the field is now making his bow ?
 'Tis the Squire of Dorfold, on famed Harry Gow ;
 That preserver of foxes, that friend of the sport,
 Though he proves no preserver—of claret and port.

And who's that, may I ask, who in purple is clad,
 Riding wide of the pack, and tight holding his prad ?
 'Tis a bruising top sawyer, and if there's a run,
 The Rector of Davenham will see all the fun.

* The present Earl of Sefton.

† John White, Esq.

‡ Sir Richard Brooke.

Now hustling and bustling, and rolling about,
And pushing his way through the midst of the rout,
Little Ireland * comes on, for a front place he strives,
Through rough and through smooth he his Tilbury drives.

Pray get out of the way; at the fence why so tarry?
Don't you see down upon us is coming Sir Harry? †
And if you don't mind, you may perhaps rue the day,
When like Wellington you were upset by a Grey.

This Grey he can't hold, though his hand is not weak,
And his bit you may see has a very long cheek;
But if the first flight he can't keep in his eye,
To be thereabouts he will gallantly try.

Now leaving the crowd, our attention we fix
Upon two knowing sportsmen, both riding with sticks;
The first so renowned on the turf, Squire France,
Who on his young Milo will lead them a dance.

The next is John Glegg, and I really don't brag,
When I say no one better can ride a good nag;
A good nag when he has one I mean—by the bye,
Do you know who has got one? he's wanting to buy.

Now racing along with the foremost you see,
Quite determined to go, Charley Ford, on the Pea;
This moment extatic, this joy of the chase,
His regrets for old Paddy can scarcely efface.

For Walmsley on Paddy has just now past by,
And on him poor Charley has cast a sheep's eye;
But ne'er mind, for no pleasure's without its alloy,
And some day you'll again have a good one, "my boy."

* Ireland Blackburne, Esq.

† Sir Harry Mainwaring.

Who's that? I can't see, by "his figure I know, tho',"
 It can be no other than Hammond on Otho;
 If practice makes perfect, he's nothing to fear,
 For his nag has been practised for many a year.

Going straight to the hounds, never known to cast wider,
 Now comes little Rowley,* the steeple chase rider;
 Harry Brooke his antagonist, quiet and steady,
 And Stanley† who always for business is ready.

Then there's Squire Harper, whom some may call slow,
 But I've seen him ride well when he chooses to go;
 Little Jemmy‡ comes next, and of danger shows sense,
 From the back of Surveyor, surveying the fence.

But the pride of all Cheshire, the bold Delamere,
 Alas! I can't show you, for he is not here;
 His collar bone's broken, don't be in a fright,
 His spirit's not broken, he'll soon be all right.

And now having told you the whole of the field;
 All Cheshire men true, to no others will yield;
 Whilst the sparkling bottle is going its rounds
 Let us drink to Sir Harry—Will Head and the hounds.

NOTE 5, PAGE 9.

Our glass a Quæsitum.

At the Tarporley Hunt meeting, all toasts considered worthy of the honor are drunk in a "Quæsitum," a name given to the glasses from the inscription they bear, "quæsitum meritis."

NOTE 6, PAGE 12.

He rides you may swear in a collar of green.

A green collar on a scarlet hunting coat is the uniform worn by the members of the Tar-

* Rowland Warburton, Esq.

† Hon. W. O. Stanley.

‡ James Tomkinson, Esq.

porley Hunt. The Tarporley Hunt was established in the year 1762, and their first meeting was on the 14th of November in that year. Hare Hunting was the sport for which they then assembled. Those who kept Harriers brought out their packs in turn. If no member of the Society kept hounds, or it were inconvenient to Masters to bring them, it is ordered by the 8th Rule that a "Pack be borrowed and kept at the expense of the Society."

Their Uniform was a blue frock with plain yellow mettled buttons, scarlet velvet cape and double breasted scarlet flannel waistcoat, the coat sleeve to be cut and turned up. A scarlet saddle cloth bound singly with blue and the front of the bridle lapt with scarlet.

Sportsmen are nowadays still abed at the hour when our forefathers were at the Coverside. The 3rd Rule declares that "The Harriers shall never wait for any member after eight o'clock in the morning."

According to Rule 9, Three collar bumpers were to be drunk after dinner, and the same after supper; after that, every member might do as he pleased in regard to drinking. By another Rule it is enacted that every member on his marriage present to each member of the Hunt a pair of well stitched Buckskin Breeches, the cost of which was at that time one guinea a pair.

It appears that they commenced Foxhunting about the year 1769, as at that time an alteration in the Rule regarding the Collar Toasts orders that, instead of three collar glasses, only one shall be drunk, *except a fox is killed above ground*, and then another collar glass shall be drunk to Foxhunting. It was also at that time voted that the Hunt change their Uniform to a red coat unbound, with a small frock sleeve, a green velvet cape, and green waistcoat, and that the sleeve have no buttons; in every other form to be like the old uniform, and that the red saddle cloth be bound with green instead of blue, and the fronts of the bridles to remain the same.

As to the Hunt Races, the earliest notice of them in the Racing Calendar is in the year 1776. Until the inclosure of Delamere Forest they were held on that part of it called Crabtree Green.

According to their signatures in the Club Book, the original members in 1762 were as follows:

Obadiah Lane	R. S. Cotton	John Thos. Stanley
J. Crewe	R. Wilbraham	Rich. Whitworth
Booth Grey	R. Barry	J. Smith Barry
Henry Mainwaring	Arth. Barry	George Heron
George Wilbraham	Thos. Cholmondeley	Grosvenor
Edw. Emily	Peter Leicester	John Arden, Jun.
Rich. Walthall	John Crewe	Archibald Hamilton

Charles Townley
Wat. Williams Wynne
James Smith Barry

Stamford
T. Broughton
Thos. Asheton, Jun.

Peter Heron
Thos. Ravenscroft.

NOTE 7, PAGE 13.

Once more a view hollow from old Oulton Lowe!

A gorse cover belonging to Sir Philip Egerton, formerly in great repute, but which of late years had never held a fox. The Run mentioned in the Song took place on the 16th Feb. 1833.

NOTE 8, PAGE 14.

The Willington Mare.

The property of Major Tomkinson of the Willingtons. She was staked during the run and died the next day.

NOTE 9, PAGE 14.

To see the Black Squire how he rode the black mare.

The Rev. James Tomkinson.

NOTE 10, PAGE 15.

The odds are in fighting that Britain beats France.

Mr. Brittain of Chester. Mr. France of Bostock Hall.

NOTE 11, PAGE 15.

Little Ireland kept up like his namesake the Nation.

Mr. Ireland Blackburne of Hale.

NOTE 12, PAGE 15.

The Maiden who rides like a Man.

Joe Maiden, who was Huntsman to the Cheshire Hounds from the year 1832 to 1845. On leaving he received in the shape of a silver tankard a substantial testimonial that his conduct had given satisfaction to the gentlemen who hunted with these hounds.

NOTE 13, PAGE 15.

In the pride of his heart then the Manager cried.

Sir H. Mainwaring who was Manager of the Cheshire Hounds for a period of 19 years.

NOTE 14, PAGE 15.

Come on Little Rowley.

Mr. Warburton of Arley.

NOTE 15, PAGE 16.

The Baron from Hanover hollowed whoo-hoop.

Baron Osten, a Hanoverian, but long distinguished as an officer in the English service. His hunting accident, and miraculous escape from a lion in the East Indies, are well known :—

By the king of the forest, out hunting one day,
The Baron was captur'd and carried away ;
The king in his turn by the hunt was beset,
Or the *Baron* had been but a *Baron-eat*.

NOTE 16, PAGE 16.

Oh where and oh where was the Wistaston steed.

The property of Mr Hammond, of Wistaston.

NOTE 17, PAGE 16.

The Cestrian Chesnut.

The property of Sir Philip Egerton.

NOTE 18, PAGE 16.

Where now is Dolgosh? where the racer from Da'enham.

"Dolgosh," belonging to Mr. Ford, and the "Racer" to Mr. James Tomkinson, of Davenham, were each ridden by their owners.

NOTE 19, PAGE 19.

*Brown forest of Mara! whose bounds were of yore,
From Kelsborrow's Castle outstretched to the shore.*

"The district extending from the banks of the Mersey to the South boundary of the late Forest, was designated as the Forest of Mara, whilst that of Mondrem stretched in the direction of Nantwich.

"It appears from Domesday, that the attention of the Earls of Chester, in the taste of the sovereigns of the time, had been directed at that early period to forming chases for their diversion. The Earl's Forest is noticed in several instances, and it likewise appears that it was not only formed of lands then found waste, but that several villis had been afforested from the express purpose of adding to its limits."—*Ormerod's History of Cheshire*, vol. ii. p. 50.

NOTE 20, PAGE 20.

In right of his bugle and greyhounds to seize.

The Master-Forestership of the whole was conferred by Randle I. in the twelfth century, on Ralph de Kingsley, to hold the same by tenure of a horn.—*Ormerod*, vol. ii. p. 50.

Amongst the list of claims asserted by the Master-Forester, are the following:—

"And claymeth to have the latter pannage in the said Forest, and claymeth to have wind-fallen wood * * * *

"He claymeth to have all money for agistment of hogs within the said Forest * * * *

"And as to wayfe, he claymeth to have every wayfe and stray beast as his own, after proclamation shall be made and not challenged as the manner is."—*Ormerod*, vol. ii. p. 52.

NOTE 21, PAGE 21.

Whene'er his liege lord chose a hunting to ride.

"Cheshire tradition asserts that the antient foresters were bound to use this horn, and attend in their office with two white greyhounds, whenever the Earl was disposed to honour the Forest of Delamere with his presence in the chase."—*Ormerod*, vol. ii. p. 55.

NOTE 22, PAGE 21.

It passed from their lips to the mouth of a Done.

The Dones of Utkinton succeeded the Kingsleys, as Chief-Foresters. On the termination of this line, in 1715, the Forestership passed to Richard Arderne, and through him to the present Master-Forester and Bowbearer of Delamere, Lord Alvanley.

NOTE 23, PAGE 22.

Thou Palatine prophet, whose fame I revere.

Robert Nixon was born in the parish of Over. "The birth of this individual," says Ormerod, "has been assigned to the time of Edward the Fourth, but a second story also exists,

which refers him to the time of James the First; a date palpably false, as many of the supposed prophecies were to be fulfilled at an antecedent period.

“ He is said to have attracted the Royal notice by foretelling in Cheshire the result of the battle of Bosworth, on recovering from sudden stupor with which he was seized while the battle was fighting in Leicestershire, and to have been sent for to Court shortly afterwards, where he was starved (or to use his own expression clemmed) to death through forgetfulness, in a manner which he himself had predicted.”

NOTE 24, PAGE 22.

A foot with two heels and a hand with three thumbs.

Amongst the prophecies of Nixon are the following:—

“ There shall be a miller named Peter,

“ With two heels on one foot,” * *

“ A boy shall be born with three thumbs on one hand,

“ Who shall hold three Kings' horses,

“ Whilst England is three times won and lost in one day,

“ But after this shall be happy days.”

“ Twenty hundred horses shall want masters,

“ Till their girths rot under their bellies.”

NOTE 25, PAGE 73.

Here hunted the Scot whom too wise to show fight.

King James' diversion on the Forest of Delamere, when returning from Scotland, is thus described in Webb's Itinerary:—

“ Making the house here four days his royal court, he solaced himself and took pleasing entertainment in his disports in the forest. * * * * *

And where his Majesty, the day following, had such successful pleasure in the hunting of his own hounds of a stag to death, as it pleased him graciously to calculate the hours, and confer with the keepers, and his honourable attendants, of the particular events in that sport, and to question them whether they ever saw or heard of the like expedition, and true performance of hounds well hunting.”

NOTE 26, PAGE 24.

'Ere Bluecap and Wanton taught foxhounds to skurry.

For an account of the race over Newmarket Course, between Bluecap, Wanton, and two hounds belonging to Mr. Meynell, for five hundred guineas, see *Daniel's Rural Sports*, vol. i. p. 155.

NOTE 27, PAGE 25.

Behold in the soil of our forest once more.

By the Act of Parliament for the enclosure of Delamere Forest, passed in 1812, one moiety of the whole is allotted to the share of the King, to be kept under the direction of the Surveyor General of Woods and Forests, as a nursery for timber only.

NOTE 28, PAGE 25.

Where 'twixt the whalebones the widow sat down.

Maria Hollingsworth, a German by birth, the widow of an English soldier. Near two ribs of a whale which stood on Delamere Forest, she constructed for herself a hut, and resided there during several years.

NOTE 29, PAGE 27.

Save at the Swan.

The Swan is the name of the inn at which the Hunt Meeting is held.

NOTE 30, PAGE 28.

France ten to one.

The Half-bred Stakes at Tarporley had for the ten years previous to 1834, with but two exceptions, been won by Mr. France of Bostock.

NOTE 31, PAGE 29.

"Shades of Sir Peter and Barry look down."

At one end of the dining room at Tarporley, is hung a portrait of the Hon. J. S. Barry, and at the other, one of the late Sir Peter Warburton, by Beechey.

NOTE 32, PAGE 31.

A Bedford, a Gloster, to life we restore.

Bedford, Gloster, Nelson, and Victory, were the names of hounds in the Cheshire kennel.

NOTE 33, PAGE 33.

Mine be the warfare unsullied with guilt.

"Image of war without its guilt."—SOMERVILE.

NOTE 34, PAGE 33.

Gilpin ! uproot me the laurels, I scorn.

Mr. Gilpin, the author of "Practical Hints on Landscape Gardening," in which he justly censures the practice of destroying the character of wild scenery in a park or a natural wood by the introduction of exotics.

NOTE 35, PAGE 36.

Valley of Bliss.

The spot on which this bow meeting was held in 1835, is called in the Hawkstone guide-book the "Valley of Elysium."

NOTE 36, PAGE 37.

The tent of the Bey.

This tent was brought by Lord Hill from Egypt. It originally belonged to the famous Murad Bey.

NOTE 37, PAGE 38.

We've an Eyton could prove to the Switzer.

The prize given by Lord Hill was won by Miss Eyton.

NOTE 38, PAGE 47.

"The Picture of the Cheshire Hunt," purchased by Wilbraham Egerton, Esq. now hangs in the Hall at Tatton.

NOTE 39, PAGE 51.

The Breeches.

This cover, pre-eminent above all the gorses in the county for the sport it has shown, belongs to John Tollemache, Esq.

NOTE 40, PAGE 57.

T. H. Smith Barry of Marbury, Esq. the owner of the Columbine, was president of Tarporley Hunt in 1845. The "Swan," as before stated, is the Inn at which the Members of the Hunt assemble.

NOTE 41, PAGE 66.

Drink to the land where this Evergreen grows.

This plant is only to be found in temperate climates. Provence is its boundary to the South, and it reaches neither Sweden nor Russia towards the North. Linneus lamented that

he could hardly preserve it alive in a green-house, and so rare is it in many parts of Germany, that Dillenius, their botanist, was in perfect ecstasy when he first visited England, and saw our commons covered with the gay flowers of the furze bush."—*Phillip's Sylva Florifera*.

NOTE 42, PAGE 71.

The Tantivy Trot.

This song was written in the year 1834, at the request of Charles Ford, Esq. for Cracknall, the Coachman of the Birmingham Tantivy, who once drove it at a sitting one hundred and twenty five miles. Some years after I saw it printed in an article by Nimrod in the New Sporting Magazine, and attributed by him to a young "Cantab."

NOTE 43, PAGE 75.

The Spectre Stag.

The subject of this ballad is taken from a collection of German traditions in French, there entitled, "La Chapelle de la Forêt."

The tale of a forest phantom, we are told by Sir W. Scott, in the Preface to his translation of the Wild Jager, is universally believed in Germany. This phantom has often been the subject of poetry, but the final catastrophe to the Baron's hunting career, thus described in the legend, I do not recollect to have seen mentioned elsewhere:—

"Voyant le chasseur noir s'avancer droit à lui, il sonna du cor pour appeler ses gens; mais il le fit avec une telle force que les veines se crevèrent; il tomba mort de son cheval. Ses descendans firent bâtir en cet endroit une chapelle où ils fondèrent un bénéfice.

NOTE 44, PAGE 77.

*"On the stag he would have slaughtered,
Was his naked body bound."*

The ghost of another *chasseur*, whose history is given in the same collection, makes the following confession:—

"J'ai fais enchaîner et river sur des cerfs plus de cent des malheureux braconniers, les faisant poursuivre par mes chiens jusqu'à ce qu'ils tombassent quelque part, et que le malheureux qu'ils portaient rendit l'ame au milieu des tourmens."

NOTE 45, PAGE 99.

"Rolls o'er the cop and hitches on the rail."

"Slides into verse and hitches in a rhyme."—POPE.

NOTE 46, PAGE 111.

The Sawyer.

The idea of this song originated in one of our party at Abergeldie having told the Factor, with a serious face, that if he persisted in disturbing the woods by felling timber, he must hold himself responsible should any one "Shoot a Sawyer."

NOTE 47, PAGE 125.

Tarwood.

The Run which I have attempted to describe took place on the 24th of December, 1845. The Heythrop Hounds are kept by Lord Redesdale. The "Jem" mentioned in the poem is Jem Hill the Huntsman, and Jack Goddard and Charles are the Whips. "The peculiar feature of this run," says Mr. Whippy, "was the stoutness and intrepidity of the fox. With the exception of just touching one corner of Boys-Wood at Cokethorpe, he never once sought shelter in a cover of any description. The distance from point to point is from 15 to 16 miles, and I am sure the distance run over must have been at least 20 miles. Time, 1 hour and 42 minutes."

NOTE 48, PAGE 137.

The sketch of this seat was made in the year 1833, and the original then existed in the garden of General Moore, at Hampton court.



C. WHITTINGHAM, CHISWICK.

HUNTING SONGS AND BALLADS BY R. E. E. WARBURTON

